

An Anglo-American Friendship.

entreaties. "Pray, why would you make Parviswell write me a word how I did, when I begged it so much? And you were able yourself, how could you be so cruel to defer telling me the thing I wished the most to know?" "I think I write too often, your only duty is to tell me so, or at least to write me, so that I might know how to do that better for me. I very much fear that I cannot employ a thought of yours now, except when you are reading my letters, which makes me ply you with them. Pray do not hear from you soon, which will be an inexpressible joy to her that is always waiting." To this Swift replied in a spirit of nonchalance. "I told you when I left England I would endeavor to forget everything there and would write as much as I could," he says. The letter is short and reflects more of his mental depression over his banishment to Ireland than of affection for his correspondents. The first coming I thought I should have died with discontent, and was here, I felt melancholy while they were incensing me," it continues, "but it begins to grow weary of change and dulness. I am now fit to look after willows and water-beds, than to meddle with affairs of State. I must order one of the island-men to drive those cows out of my land, and make up the ditch again, a work much more proper for a country vicar than driving out factions, and fencing against them. I am now going and taking a draught to cure my head, which is spoiled by the bitter draughts the public has given me."

The culmination of this affair did not occur until ten years later. Its progress is clearly apparent from the letters in the volume. The next document relating to it is a note from Swift to Miss Vanhomrigh, written a year later, when he was in Ireland at Lichfield, after his fruitless attempts to straighten out the troubles between Oxford and Hologbrooke. While Swift was in Ireland, Vanessa had become a married woman, her husband, John Vanhomrigh, had made the declaration which is celebrated in the "Cadenus and Vanassa" poem. The letter from Lichfield, written the following summer, is a little more friendly than some of his epistles to her. He reminds her that he is writing to her sooner than he promised and expresses a desire to hear from her, "not as a Londoner but as a friend." Evidently he is greatly encouraged the recipient, for pretty soon we have the letter from Swift to her, telling of his determination to leave London and go to the country, and expressing a desire which Vanessa had expressed of coming to visit him at Lichfield. When he sets out for Ireland, where he knows Stella is awaiting him, he naturally becomes full of cautions and misgivings. The letter begging Vanessa to write "nothing but what may be seen" and telling her that he will write her always under cover, that if she is in Ireland when he is there he will see her but seldom, does show Swift in a very attractive light. It is only too evident that he is playing a losing game. Vanessa followed him to the end, but death overtook her before she could see him, and an uncomfortable time it was for the next six years.

The present volume does not contain the final catastrophe, when Swift, believing himself with anger, threw at Vanessa a letter which she had written Stella, begging whether she was Swift's wife or if he left her forever; a catastrophe which resulted in the death of the unhappy Vanessa. The last letter before us, however, is desperate enough to forebode such a result. "If you continue to treat me as a wicked man, you will ruin me," he declares, "and you will find it impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those railing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves to your misfortune did not last long. The last time I write to you is because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and here is complaint in your eyes, so wretched a striking example of a man's rights." The epistles have hinted out what Swift should have done in his intercourse with Vanessa, and it should be equally easy to point out the course of conduct which she should have pursued. Those who are not anxious to sit in judgment on the moral shortcomings of their fellow men, however, will hesitate to decide on whose shoulders rests the burden of the responsibility for this tragedy which wrecked three lives.

In retelling of the love stories of literature, the story of the matchless style of Swift is strange that it takes the creation of another in a single volume like letters and poems relating to this side of Swift's happy career.

QUEER SLIDING OUTFITS.

Combinations of Barrel Staves, Sauscups and Kettle Among Them.

Sometimes you see boys sliding down the hill sitting on pieces of sheet iron, and sometimes they use in place of sleds barrel staves, and, of course, with the rounded, sliding side down.

They put two staves close together, edge to edge, and then sit down on them and slide. Barrel staff sliding is a lot of fun, but it's pretty wearing on the staves, and it's hard to steer this sort of sliding machine, for, the under side of being round, it doesn't naturally go straight, but is likely to slew around and make the boys of the party very uncomfortable. But maybe that makes barrel staff sliding all the more fun. A couple of boys sliding down an icy slope on barrel staves fixed their outfit with seats on them so that they could sit higher on them. One of these boys had an old iron saucup with the handle broken, and the other had a flat bottomed iron kettle. At the top of the hill they would put their barrel staves down on the ice and then the boy with the saucup would put that bottom up on his pair of staves and sit on it, and the boy with the kettle would put that on his pair, and then they'd go down the hill like grand sliding, unless they struck a hump on the way.

Wolves Killing Game in Colorado.

Merch for Attendance Deeper Experienced.

As a result of the severe weather experienced here this past winter and deep snow the gray, or lobo, wolves are travelling in packs of five and six each and becoming unusually active. Since the cattlemen have been warned that the great danger to their herds is the gray wolf, they are moving them to better pasturage they are playing havoc with elk and deer.

The cattlemen and the county pay a bounty of \$10 for each wolf killed, but the bounty has not proved of sufficient incentive to cause the settlers here to form wolf hunting parties, with the result that each year their numbers have increased and they appear much bolder than last year.

It is Friday, a prominent cattlemen of Poncha county, who has been killed to catch a wolf, last winter, for which he received a bounty of a total of \$200, and he says that he has been told by the cattlemen to the ways of the gray wolf, that, once he is shot to a general belief, they do not kill him, but that they will kill him.